

BANNIAN DAY,

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN

TWO ACTS,

Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE BREWER.

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[Price One Shilling.]



THE Words (with a very few Alterations)
and the Music of the Duet at the end of
the First Act, were borrowed from the
Musical Piece, called The Apparition;
written by Mr. Crofs.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN MACGALLAHER,	- - -	<i>Mr. Johnstone.</i>
BATCH,	- - -	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
BOBBY NOTICE,	- - -	<i>Mr. Suett.</i>
JACK HAWSER,	- - -	<i>Mr. Wathen.</i>
SIR GEO. GOODWILL,	- - -	<i>Mr. Davis.</i>
LIEUT. GOODWILL,	- - -	<i>Mr. Trueman.</i>
SERVANT,	- - -	<i>Mr. Waldren, Jun.</i>
BAILIFF,	- - -	<i>Mr. Ledger,</i>
POLLY,	-	<i>Mrs. Bland.</i>
MRS. GOODWILL,	-	<i>Miss Leak.</i>
MAID SERVANT,	-	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>



SCENE—Chiefly at Plymouth.

BANNIAN DAY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A STREET IN PLYMOUTH.

Enter Lieutenant GOODWILL and JACK HAWSER.

Jack. **L**ORD blefs me! I think I never faw your Honour fo low-fpirited.

Lieut. I have fome caufe, Hawfer; here is a letter in my hand from my father, who continues as implacable as ever.

Jack. What, he ftill hauls his wind, and luffs up from my poor miftrefs! what an old shiver the wind he muft be.

Lieut. To add to my misfortunes, my creditors grow more troublesome every day, and my old companions fhun me.

Jack. (with emphasis) Swamp them, fay I, for a fet of sculking lubbers, the man who refuses affiftance to a fellow creature in diftrefs, is a difgrace to humanity, and deserves to be put in irons for neglect of duty.

Lieut. (afide) Honeft fellow!

Jack. For my part, I can work as long at the pumps as any body, and if tugging at an oar for a
B couple

couple of dog-watches could get you clear of the eddy of misfortune, Jack Hawser's the man; I've weather'd many a hard gale, but to see my poor mistress unhappy, dam'me, its worse than the grog being stopt.

Lieut. Poor Jack! I wish I had it in my power to reward your services, but I believe you had better seek another master.

Jack. What! forsake the standard; no, Sir, an English sailor's never missing when his commander's in danger, or his friend's in distress.

Lieut. I know your generous attachment, Hawser, but I fear I cannot keep you in my service much longer.

Jack. Come, Sir, never fear, flatten in the jib-sheet, and put the helm-a-weather; I'll go to my sweet mistress, and tell her you're arriv'd in harbour again, and before I put back, may Providence send you in a good supply of fresh beef and soft tommy. [Exit.

Lieut. I am tired with disappointment; what are the dangers of service to the difficulties we meet on shore!

AIR.—*Lieut.* GOODWILL.

I.

The man whose life is on the seas,
No harping cares molest,
His hopes still freshen with the breeze,
His thoughts in Nancy blest.
The hardest fortune he can bear,
Since love his labour charms,
'Tis Nancy's image soothes his care,
Tho' absent from her arms.

11. His

II.

His happy bosom knows no ill,
 He sings his cheerful song,
 While, round, the ship his messmates fill,
 Nor think the mid-watch long.
 The helm's-man now he ready stands,
 With love's sweet hope imprest;
 The wheel still govern'd by his hands,
 The compass in his breast.

 SCENE II.

A Room in Lieutenant GOODWILL'S Lodgings.

*Enter Capt. MACGALLAHER, followed by a Maid
 Servant*

Capt. Mac. Hark'e, my dear, tell your sweet mistress my name is Capt. Macgallaher, and that I'm all in a perspiration to see her; I always like to send in a warm and polite message to a lady.

Maid. Sir.

Capt. Mac. What do you stand looking at me for, you little gipsey? (*exit Maid*) I wonder now what it is this good lady wants with me, but perhaps she means to tell me that herself; well, be it as it may, an Irishman always does the best he can to please the ladies; and to be sure, some how or other, he's always sure too to find the way, by day light, or by moon light, or without any light at all, it's all the same to Dennis; here she comes.

B 2

Enter

Enter Mrs. GOODWILL.

Mrs. Good. How d'ye do, Captain?

Capt. Mac. (bows) How d'ye do, Madam?

Mrs. Good. Pray sit down, Sir.

Capt. Mac. Sit down, sit down, Madam, that I'll do with all my soul; (*draws his chair close to her*) you see I know how to keep a proper distance, Madam.

Mrs. Good. I dare say, Sir, you were a good deal surpris'd when you received my letter this morning.

Capt. Mac. Not in the least, Madam; not in the least.

Mrs. Good. Mr. Goodwill desired me to write to you, Sir; you are acquainted, I believe, with the relation of his misfortunes.

Capt. Mac. O, Madam! intimately acquainted with all his relations, in Ireland, that is to say; to be sure, I can't say much about their fortunes, but I believe they are very considerable, very considerable indeed; (*aside*) the devil a blunder I've made yet.

Mrs. Good. I meant to say, Sir, you know of Mr. Goodwill's embarrassments; his father, Sir George, remains as implacable as ever, and returns all his letters unopen'd.

Capt. Mac. Unopen'd! I suppose now, that is, because when he reads them he don't much like the contents; well, never mind that, Madam, never mind that, if there is any thing Dennis can do to serve ye; only speak the word, that's all.—Faith, that said Sir George must be a strange unaccountable old fellow to be angry with such a sweet beautiful lady.

Mrs. Good. Sir!

Capt.

Capt. Mac. Never mind him, Madam, if he an't sensible of the impresson of those eyes, Dennis is, so don't be reserv'd, Madam, but lay open your whole bosom to me as a friend, and let the cat out of the bag at once.

Mrs. Good. Sir, I believe you've mistaken the motive of my writing to you.

Capt. Mac. Not in the least, Madam.

Mrs. Good. Then pray, Sir, tell me your's, for this extraordinary attention.

Capt. Mac. (*with emphasis after a pause*) To do you all the good in my power.

Mrs. Good. And is that all ?

Capt. Mac. Upon my honour.

Mrs. Good. Then I beg pardon, Sir.

Capt. Mac. Beg pardon, that you shan't, upon my soul ; to be sure I don't understand what you mean. No, Madam (*with emphasis*) though Dennis does love a sweet woman with all his heart, he will never be base enough to take a mean advantage in the moment of distress, to seek the dishonour of his friend.

Mrs. Good. Sir, I am satisfied.

Capt. Mac. To be sure I do love you, and all womankind beside. I love all the women, but only as the fond-ivy loves the oak, to shelter and protect them.

Mrs. Good. Perhaps then, Sir, you have yourself felt what it is to love.

Capt. Mac. Faith, you may say that ; I don't know how the plague it was, but the first day I was taken with the disorder, was in the night, in a dream. So, Madam, when I waked, it put me all over in a glow, just the same as if I had had a glass of whisky, and when I met Katty, to be sure I didn't think her the sweetest girl in all Dub-

lin. I preserve my heart for her, but my services for every woman I meet.

Mrs. Good. Sir, you overcome me with this goodness.

Capt. Mac. Faith, and you're not the first fair lady I've overcome.—But we'll say no more about that: will you be pleased, Madam, to give your husband this dirty little bit of a knapsack, (*takes out a pocket book*) it contains nothing in the world but a morsel of paper, which will afford your husband immediate assistance, for it isn't due for two months to come.

Mrs. Good. (*aside*) A twenty pound note, how generous!—Sir, we are indebted to your friendship: but this is not immediately the purpose for which——

Mac. Faith, my dear, money is always to the purpose, but never so much so, as when we have it to bestow on a friend in distress: now if there is any thing more I can do for ye, only set me about it.

Mrs. Good. You are very good, Sir; the purpose for which I sent to see you, was to ask you to act as a mediator between my husband and his father.

Capt. Mac. O! I'll meditate between them with all my heart; that's all in my way, child, nobody misunderstands those matters better than Dennis.—O, I'll set about it directly!

Mrs. Good. Where are you going, Sir?

Capt. Mac. To your father-in-law, to be sure.

Mrs. Good. Why, Sir, do you know where he lives?

Capt. Mac. Faith, and I'd forgot that, sure enough.

Mrs. Good. His seat, Sir, is a few miles on the road to London.

Capt.

Capt. Mac. That's enough for me, Madam; I never need any direction after I'm once told the way to a place; shew me the door, and I'll warrant I'll find the house. To be sure I sha'n't succeed with Sir George at all, when I come to shew him my polite and complaisant behaviour!—Sir, says he, the moment he sees me, your education and your politeness, and your good breeding, have made me all of another mind.—Will you be pleased to take a five hundred pound bank note in your fist to my son? Certainly, Sir, says I, certainly!

Mrs. Good. You make me smile, Captain.

Capt. Mac. Smile! You may say that, faith it would make any body smile to see a five hundred pound bank-note all in pure specie. O, it's a mighty pretty name, that same Mr. Abraham Newland.—Well, Madam, you shall see what my oratory and elocution will do for ye; and if I don't succeed, never let me meditate any more, that's all; O, I'll never meditate any more as long as I live.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Good. Good morning, Sir [*Exit Capt. Mac.*] who knows, perhaps the good nature and simplicity of our friend may do more with Sir George than a studied address; he has a good heart, and that should recommend him to all the world.

RONDEAU.

Hope still greets me,
Flatters to deceive me,
Prompt to cheat me;
I'll no more believe thee.
Ever ready to betray,
Vain delusion pass away.
Hope still greets me, &c.

BANNIAN DAY,

Joys more real calm my breast,
 Virtue sooth my cares to rest.
 Richer treasures she'll impart
 To the self-approving heart.
 Hope still greets me, &c.

[Exit.]

 SCENE III.

A Room in Batch's House, a Table with Bottle and Glasses. Enter JACK HAWSER.

Jack. Now, if I could but see Polly, I think I could borrow a trifle of money, and leave it at the inn, for my poor master, without his ever discovering who sent it him.—So here's the grog-bottle, the best jigger tackle in the world to bounce up a poor fellow's spirits, a drop of it will do me no harm, [*Drinks.*] Dam'me, I always loved to sweat the purser.

SONG.

When on board of the Hector I first went to sea,
 How the boatswain did grumble and flog!
 I swore then no longer a failor I'd be,
 Till they serv'd my allowance of grog.
 It was then rough or fair, safe moor'd or at sea,
 Going large from the land, or close under the lee;
 For to reef or to steer,
 Or to tack or to wear,
 Up the hatchway I'd merrily jog;
 While to moisten my eye,
 Mister purser, says I,
 Pray where's my allowance of grog?

II. Once

II.

Once sick of a fever, a whole week I lay,
 From my hammock I hardly could jog :
 Just like some old junk, they had stow'd me away,
 And stopt my allowance of grog.

Keep her full, says I boy, or your taken aback,
 And the sharks will be making a meal of poor Jack ;

For the doctor's mate said,

He was sure I was dead ;

Till I call'd him an impudent dog.

Hard a starboard, says I,

You lubber, you lie ;

All I wants is my quatum of grog.

Lord ! if the English Channel was but filled with
 it, I can't help thinking how often I should stoop
 down to the lee-scutters to take a sup ; ecod I
 shou'd never pump the ship out.—So, here comes
 my old friend Batch—hoā ! the ship, hoā !

Enter BATCH.

Batch. What, Jacky ! blefs me, how d'ye do ?

Jack. How dost, master Batch ; how does Polly
 do ?

Batch. Very well, thank'ee Jacky ; you see I'm
 full of business—been round to all my customers.

Jack. What yourself, Mr. Batch ?

Batch. O Lord, yes ! I always go myself when
 I've got any news. Then away goes I ; call out,
 baker !—Want a loaf to day, Ma'am ?—We've
 had such an engagement with the French !—I be-
 lieve, Ma'am, you owe two-pence for baking.—
 They say the earthquake's to happen on Monday !
 —I take the liberty, Ma'am, to present your weekly
 bill.—You see, they call me the talkative baker.—
 I'm sure I don't know why, I don't talk more than
 other people.

Jack,

Jack. So that's the way you get custom, is it, master Batch?

Batch. O dear, yes! you see I'm a bit of a politician, few people understand more of the eternal affairs of Europe than Bobby Batch the baker. I decide every thing in our club: there was not a gentleman among them knew where the Red Sea was. I told them, says I, it runs out of the Bay of Biscay into the Gulph of Mexico.—But I say, Jack, wo'nt you have a drop of my grog?

Jack. I have just been aboard of it, I thank you.

Batch. Well, but I'll give ye a toast.—You'll drink my toast, wo'nt ye?

Jack. Aye, with all my heart.

Batch. I am Bobby Batch the baker; you know I alway likes to see a man in his own spear.—Here's, *May the poor man never want bread; [they drink.]* And I hope the crusty rogue who would rob him of a single grain of it, may never taste the crumbs of comfort all his life.

Jack. I should like to see him turned adrift, like a marine afloat upon a grating, in a head sea.

Batch. I say, Jacky, I dine to day at the Hen's Teeth and Cat's Feathers; will you come? Bobby Batch in the chair; you never saw me in the chair, did ye?

Jack. But I say, Master Batch, where's Polly?

Batch. Why, pray, what's that to you? she's going to be married to my godson, Bobby Notice, the lawyer.

Jack. Ah! Master Batch, a good heart is all Polly values.

Batch. Lord bless ye! he'll keep her a curricie, and a country-house.

Jack. Well, Master Batch, and after all, what's pride, but a first rate, which the gale of calamity
often

often sends to the bottom, while a little bit of a schooner outlives the storm.

Batch. Now you will keep talking; I never heard a fellow talk so much in my life. Will you go to the club?

Jack. Why I told you I would.

Batch. I'm in the chair to-day, as I told ye before; big as a peck loaf when I'm in the chair.

SONG—BATCH.

In my club-room so great,
When I'm seated in state,
At the head of the table I shine;
With hammer in hand,
Zounds! how I command,
As I push round the bumpers of wine:
Then after we've toasted the health of the King,
Mr. Brisket, the butcher, is call'd on to sing.
Speaks.] Sir, I'll do my best, &c.
Ma chere amie, &c.

II.

Now I wink, and I stare
At my next neighbour's chair;
'Tis with you, Sir, a lady to give:
A duchess, at least,
Must now grace our feast;
Then the thanks of the room I receive:
Till silence is call'd all the table along,
And a bald-pated gentleman sings us a song.
Speaks. I'll try, gentlemen, &c.
Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair, &c.
Then we drink, and we push around the bowl,
Till a medley, at last, fums up the whole;
Whilst, so pleas'd, all the club-room declare
Bobby Batch is the man for a chair!

Enter

Enter POLLY.

Polly. Lord, Jack ! what's the matter ?

Jack. All a-back, Polly ; a-ground on the worst of all shores, the rocks of misfortune.

Polly. Lord ! what's the matter ? what has happen'd ?

Jack. Nothing to myself, Polly ; I've always got a shot in the locker, just enough to keep Davy Jones out of my hammock, as you may say ; my heart's too light to be sunk by my own misfortunes, but when another's are in tow, all my spirits go to the bottom at once.

Polly. Well ; but what is it you want ?

Jack. The rhino, Polly ; a few yellow boys might set us afloat again for the present. My master's old avaricious father won't see him, because he has married a sweet young lady, and she hasn't got no money.

Polly. Well, never mind ; my father's got money enough ; and he cannot bestow it better than on an English officer in distress.

Batch. (without) Polly ! Polly !

Polly. Here he comes ; step on one side, and I'll speak to him.

Jack. Aye, do ; I'll heave here to windward a bit (*retires aside*).

Enter BATCH.

Batch. Where are you, Polly ? I want my best coat and waistcoat. Such news ; dear me ! I shall have the talk to myself at the club.

Polly. Never mind the news, father.

Batch. Never mind the news ! that's very well ; why I could live upon a newspaper, if I could digest all the paragraphs ; there's all the horns at work in London, I dare say. Lord, how I long to be talking politics !

Polly.

Polly. I wanted to speak to you, father.

Batch. I can't attend to any thing till I've seen the papers.

Polly. Pray, Sir, listen to me a moment.

Batch. To-morrow my mind will be more composed.

Polly. I wanted some money, father.

Batch. Money ; O dear ! I'm very much engaged.

Polly. You know, father, you promised to buy me a lottery ticket.

Batch. Yes ; I do make foolish promises sometimes, sure enough.

Polly. You can't think how much I want the money that would purchase one.

Batch. Shu, shu, nonsense.

Polly. I shall break my heart, Sir, if you can't oblige me.

[Batch takes out a newspaper, and reads.]

AIR—POLLY.

'Tis Polly asks, can you deny ?

Ah ! no ; you will I'm sure be kind ;

Think, should your little favourite die,

Could you another Polly find ?

II.

It is not to be proudly drest,

Your daughter humbly bends her knee ;

'Tis pity pleads in Polly's breast,

Who trembling thus depends on thee.

Batch. What, then it isn't for a lottery ticket ?

Polly. No, father ; I won't risk any thing on chance, when I can make sure of such a prize as the pleasure of doing good ; the money is to assist an English officer in distress.

Batch.

Batch. A seaman!—there it is, there's no demurring to that plea, as my cousin the lawyer says; but hang me, Polly, if I shan't be ruined.

Polly. No, father; you shall have interest for the money.

Batch. Interest! how much?

Polly. (*with emphasis*) The greatest in the world, self-satisfaction.

Batch. There's a girl now, and a baker's daughter too; hang me if you an't as much above some of our fine folks as a sack of flour is to a halfpenny worth of bran. [*Exit.*

Jack Hawser. (*comes forward*) Oh! you little angel.

Polly. There's the money, Jack.

Jack. Who should think now, such a little cockboat would be able to assist a man of war. Give me a kiss you little—hum.

Polly. Well then, promise you won't get tipsey again to-night.

Jack. One kiss, and I renounce the grog bottle for ever.

DUETT—JACK and POLLY.

Jack.

Come, Polly, let's be gay,
Love bids us merry, merry be,
Time's bearing toward that happy day,
A prattling babe will grace your knee.

Polly.

Yes, surely, I'll be gay, &c.
Heart easing,
Sweetly pleasing's
Hymen's dear, delightful strain!
Without alloy,
Domestic joy
Will glad us o'er and o'er again.

Both.

Both.

Heart easing, &c.

Polly.

With you for ever, cheerly,
Content will blefs endeavour ;

Jack.

We'll love each other dearly
For ever and for ever ;
When early morn begins to dawn,
We'll gaily hie to labour ;
At setting sun, our labour done,
We'll trip to pipe and tabor :
No store of wealth,
But jocund health,
And competency merely ;
No spacious dome,
An humble home,
With thee shall I love dearly !

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN BATCH'S HOUSE.



BATCH and POLLY.

Batch. NOW, Polly, is your chance for a husband ; my godson Bobby is just arrived from London on business : he's at the inn, and I expect him here every moment. What a deal of news he will bring !

Polly. Indeed, Sir, I shall never like him.

Batch. Shu, shu, nonsense, he's a very clever young man, and talks as fast as I do myself. (*A knock at the door*) There he is, I dare say, open the door.

Enter BOBBY NOTICE, his pockets filled with papers.

Bobby. How d'ye do, Polly ? how d'ye do, Master Batch ?

Batch. How d'ye do, Bobby ? I say, what have you got in your pockets ?

Bobby. Papers, Sir ; declarations, pleas, and judgments. Here's your causes, (*takes papers from his pocket*) Keemer against Convolvulus, Giggle against Glump, Addle against Duster, Bozzle against Swig, Punto against Pharo, Cuckow against Horn, Whistle against Whimper, Waddle against Length, and the King against Monopoly and Co.

Batch. What, in the name of goodness, are they all about ?

Bobby.

Bobby. Why here's covenant, debt, slander, trover, assumpsit, assault and battery, case and trespass.

Batch. Bless me, how many different ways a man may be ruined in law! But I say, Bobby, how do you get so much business in your office?

Bobby. Don't blab, and I'll tell you—

SONG—BOBBY.

I.

At Symond's-Inn I sip my tea,
Then file a judgment or a plea;
Enrol a deed in special tail,
Tax the costs, or put in bail.

Speaks) O, it's a clear case, Sir! the defendant's a married woman, pleads her coverture; you'd better not go on; your client will have all the costs to pay. Will he? well, dam'me, if mine don't, your's shall! that's all.

Sings) With sham plea, and misnomer;
Nil debet, nulla bona;
Declaration,
Replication;
Fieri facias,
Special capias;
Affidavit,
Devastavit;
Clausum fregit,
Non elegit;
Non est factum,
Nudum pactum;
Demoratur,
Allocatur;
Ad satisfaciendum,
Et respondendum.

II.

Should a client ask advice,
 There's six and eight-pence in a trice ;
 Or treat me to a dinner,
 I make him pay
 For all I say,
 So I'm sure to be the winner.

Speaks) Sir, you've certainly merits ; I'll speak to Mr. Shark, the plaintiff's attorney ; pray, Sir, did you knock my client's eye out ? No, Sir ; we plead a justification to the assault ; then, Sir, we must go to trial.

Sings) With sham plea, &c.

III.

For plaintiff or defendant,
 If but the fees we snack,
 We never make an end on't,
 Till the coat is off his back.

Speaks) Lord, Sir, only a few extra costs, such as the master won't allow ; poor devils of clients pay the piper. Rattling down in post-chaises to the assizes ; hackney-coaches to Westminster-hall ; my gig on a Sunday ; counsel's fees, tavern bills, and travelling expences.

Sings) With sham plea, &c.

So one of them's a bankrupt and the other goes to jail ; there's an end of plaintiff and defendant.

Polly. I wonder you hav'n't more humanity, Mr. Notice.

Bobby. *Humanity !* whuh ! there's no such department in our office, I assure ye. Well, good b'ye, I have a great deal to do. Remember now, Mr. Batch, if you have occasion for any thing in
 the

the capias, latitat, non omittas, special original, or bill of Middlesex line, I'm your man. Good b'ye. [*Exit.*]

Batch. (*mimicking*) I'm your man! damn me if you are though; John Doe and Richard Roe. The devil's in it if I don't know more of Doe than he does.

Polly. I hate him, with his capases and fiery faces.

AIR.

I.

Though the lawyer comes to woo,
Vainly he attempts to sue,
Or with his soft nonsense tease:
In the seaman's sort of phrase,
Thus I answer all he says,
Avast, avast, Sir, if you please:
For better I like to be aboard a good ship,
When the sails are all loos'd, and the anchor a-trip;
To hear the tight boatswain pipe, hoist and belay,
While the merry, merry failors all foot it away.

II.

But should he yet the cause pursue,
Still his brief will never do;
For when all his pleading's done,
In the seaman's sort of phrase,
Thus I answer all he says,
Avast, avast, Sir, if you please.
For better I like, &c.

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in Sir GEORGE GOODWILL'S House.

Enter Capt. MACGALLAHER and Servant.

Capt. Mac. Tell your master my name is Patrick Lewis Dennis Macgallaher, captain in his Majesty's thirteenth regiment of foot, and of the ancient family of the Macgallahers of Casleblaney, in the county of Monaghan, in the kingdom of Ireland.

Servt. Captain Mac who, Sir?

Capt. Mac. Macgallaher! where the plague did you learn to write, that you can't pronounce such a melodious name as Macgallaher.

[*Exit Servt.*

Now for a little of my politeness; to be sure I sha'n't succeed at all with the old gentleman when I put on my most graceful air and deportment, and speak to him. Faith, here he is already.

Enter Sir GEORGE GOODWILL.

Sir Geo. Sir, your servant.

Capt. Mac. Your servant, over and over again, Sir; will you be pleased to sit down, Sir, and then we'll converse a little together. (*sits down.*)

Sir Geo. Sir, you are vastly polite.

Capt. Mac. (aside) He's found me out already. O vastly polite, Sir, vastly polite.

Sir

Sir Geo. (aside) What a strange character! (*sits down*) Now, Sir, if you please, I should be glad to know your business.

Capt. Mac. (aside) My business, that's mighty pleasant! I have no business; I am an Irish gentleman of fortune, and have been in all the campaigns on the continent since the beginning of last war.

Sir Geo. Sir, I dare say; but you'll pardon me, I'm a little hurried just now, I was going out; at another time, Sir, I shall be at your service.

Capt. Mac. (aside) Service! there he has it now; to be sure I haven't seen any service at all.

Sir Geo. Sir, I have a pressing engagement this morning, which prevents—

Capt. Mac. (aside) Engagement! I've a good mind to tell him of one I've been in—Sir, I was in an engagement the thirteenth day of next August, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five years ago, odds botheration! you never saw such a morning in your life; there we were at it, Sir, pell-mell, and I as busy as the best of them; till at last comes up a tall raw-boned French serjeant, and gave me such a plaguy big thump of the pate, that down I came into a ditch, as dead as a herring, till I considered a little to myself, what is the matter wid ye now? stand upon your hind legs, man, says I; so up I got, sure enough, as fresh as a daisy, and to it we went again like so many grasshoppers in a green meadow, as you may say.

Sir Geo. (aside) The man's certainly mad!—Sir, I'm very much favoured with your account of the battle, but I had much rather know the reason I am honoured with this visit.

Capt. Mac. That you shall know, Sir; that you shall know.—(*Aside*) To be sure I sha'n't succeed at all.—Why, Sir, I come, as you may say, with a flag of truce from your true and lawful begotten son, Mr. Goodwill, of his Majesty's ship the—the Industrious. Oh! he's a brave fellow; Dennis, said he, that's my name; Dennis, said he, go to my father, and see if you can't, wid your oratory, and politeness, and education, obtain his pardon for all that's past and forgot.

Sir Geo. My pardon! that he never can.

Capt. Mac. That's what I said, Sir; said I, you never can; how can you expect it? said I.

Sir Geo. Such an indiscreet marriage!

Capt. Mac. You're right, Sir; Oh! it was a very discreet marriage to be sure; such a sweet gentle young lady—but then, said I, your father, you know what an old—unaccountable——

Sir Geo. Sir!

Capt. Mac. How can your father be accountable? said I.

Sir Geo. A young lieutenant to marry a wife without a shilling.

Capt. Mac. Never mind the paltry shilling.

Sir Geo. He knows when once I command I am inflexible.

Capt. Mac. (*with transport*) That's what I said, if you could once get to command the Inflexible.

Sir Geo. Sir, you mistake every thing I say.

Capt. Mac. I told him so; says I, you must take every thing your father says for better or for worse.

Sir Geo. (*aside*) Sir, can you understand this brief language?

Capt. Mac. Any language, Sir; any language, French, Irish, Latin.

Sir

Sir Geo. Then once for all, Sir, I will not be troubled with any more applications from my son, till he agrees to allow his wife a separate maintenance, and returns to his duty.

Capt. Mac. That's kind, Sir; Oh! he shall come to-morrow, and bring his sweet pretty little wife along with him. (*Aside*) I thought I should succeed.

Sir Geo. I'll never see her face, Sir; I'll set aside the marriage; I'll—

Capt. Mac. Don't be in a passion, Sir; don't be in a passion.

Sir Geo. Sir, you will allow me to judge in my own affairs; you'll pardon my abruptness. I wish you good morning. [*Exit.*]

Capt. Mac. What, you're gone, are ye? why then good morning to ye. To be sure I an't now a little at a loss to know whether I've made a good hand of this, or whether I've put my foot in it; but what could a gentleman do more with such an ignorant old fellow; all my politeness was thrown away upon him. If it had been a lady now, it would have altered the case mightily. Oh! the pretty flesh and blood angels; I have got a bit of a cullendar, callendar, I mean, of their names in my pocket, to refresh my memory when I'm weary.

SONG.

The first of my pranks was at little Rathane,
Where love, faith, like whisky, popt into my brain;
For Ally M'Gulloch, a sweet little soul,
As tall and as strait as a shaver man's pole.

Spoke) Oh! she was a sweet creature, with a bloom on her face like a Munster potatoe. I met her going to market one morning, with a basket under her arm; where do you come from, my dear? says I; from Clanterdaffy, Sir, says she; and

what's your name, my dear; Ally M'Gulloch, Sir, says she.
Oh! what a soft beautiful name.

To be sure then I told her a piece of my mind,
Till she left her old dad and the basket behind.

II.

But soon I was dying for Molly Mac Gree,
A sweet tender shoot just come up from Tralee;
Oh, sweet Molly! says I, do pray ease my pain;
By Saint Patrick, says she, Sir, pray what do you mean?
Spoke) Mean! says I; why to marry ye to be sure, my dear.
But do ye, though? To be sure I do; what do you think of
me, my love? Oh! there's no resisting ye, says she. We
were to be married the next day.

But as the devil would have a thick fog came on,
When I look'd for the church, Oh! I found it was gone.

III.

But morning and night she was always my plague,
Faith, 'tis time then, says I, for to leave off intreague;
So from Cork I fet sail in a damn'd open boat,
With some cash in my pocket, two shirts, and a coat.
Spoke) We failed so plaguey slow, that a big storm overtook
us. To be sure I didn't swallow a little of the sea broth;
but the worst of my misfortunes was, when I landed there
was Molly, Molly Mac Gree, and put into my arms a great,
ugly, squalling brat, with a head as big as a bushel of pota-
toes. What's this? says I; 'Tis your own Teddy, says she,
and as like ye as two peas; *Teddy be damn'd, says I; take it*
away, woman; I tell ye, I don't know any thing at all of
the matter.

Then to end my intreaguing I went off to sea,
And bid a good morning to Molly Mac Gree. *[Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Room in BATCH's House.

Enter JACK HAWSER tipsy.

Jack. Bannian day again! Here am I upon the look-out for money. Egad I've been sweating the purser; I found half a bottle, as luck would have it, flowed away in the galley; (*takes out a bottle and drinks*). How smooth it goes down the channel; it's the finest thing in the world for drowning care; dam'me it swamps it at once.

Enter POLLY.

What, my pretty Polly!

Polly. Now you're tipsy, Jack.

Jack. Not I, by the mizen-mast.

Polly. Here's a gentleman coming in.

Jack. A gentleman!

Polly. Yes, Mr. Notice, the lawyer.

Jack. A lawyer! clear the gangway; helm's a lee; let go the fore-sheet; I shall put about directly, the rocks of misfortune are always under the lee when an attorney's in fight.

Polly. He's a rival of your's.

Jack. Is he? then I'll pipe up the hammocks, and have all ready to engage.

Enter BOBBY NOTICE drest.

Bobby. Here I come, Polly; look devilish smart, don't I? the gig's at the door—fine tall mare and plated harness; last day of term—long vacation soon; then we'll drive away, Polly; Jack Snaffle, the horse-dealer, always finds me a
gig;

gig ; I defend all his actions for selling glander'd mares and broken-knee'd coach-horses—damn'd good fellow ; look very well to-day, don't I ? look at my boots, tops and bottoms, ha !

Jack. I tell you what, Master Bobby Notice, I wish I had you a few hours aboard a ship.

Bobby. D'ye ? Lord ! I should like it vastly, to see the rope ladders and the pullies.

Jack. Aye ; I should like to have ye seized up in the main-shrouds for half an hour, in a bit of a gale of wind ; such as we had once when I was on board the little flying 'Tartar, in the English Channel.

Bobby. I shouldn't like that much. Well, good b'ye, I must be off ; I've got to give our officer a writ, at my own suit, against a gentleman just by here, one Captain Goodwill.

(Takes it from his pocket.)

Jack. *(aside)* Captain Goodwill ! shiver my timbers. Pray, Master Bobby, let's look at it, will ye ? *(takes it in his hand and reads)* Middlesex, to wit, John Doe and Richard Roe ; why this is the devil's log-book.

Bobby. Well, come, give it me ? I'm in haste.

Jack. No, I sha'n't ; I defend the action.

Bobby. Why, it an't against you ; zounds, it's the last day of the Term, and I sha'n't have time to make out another writ.

Jack. So much the better ; I hope the man who would do an injury to a fellow creature may never find time to accomplish it.

Polly. I say, Bobby, how do you find yourself now ?

Bobby. I'll move the Court against you, I will.

Jack. Move off, you mean——, or dam'me I'll knock your head-rails down your throat.

Bobby.

Bobby. Well, Sir, you'll repent this behaviour.

Jack. Never!—I've preserv'd, by this accident, my master and the best of men. Now go to your hammock, and try if you can sleep as sound as I can.

Polly. Why, Bobby, you're non-suited.

Bobby. Very well; you may enjoy your jokes, if you please; I don't remember a case in point exactiy, but I'll move the Court I'm determined.

[*Exit.*

Jack. Huzza! huzza! I've got to windward of the lawyer, got to windward of the lawyer, huzza! come along, Polly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in Sir GEORGE GOODWILL'S Lodging, a Table with Papers.

Enter Sir GEORGE and DAVID.

Sir Geo. Well, David, have you advertised it about the town that W. G. is the first navy agent and money-lender in Plymouth.

David. Yes, Sir, and it is stuck up at the King's Arms Tavern, money advanced on pay, and bills and notes discounted by Mr. W. G. a gentleman of honour and probity from London.

Sir Geo. This room you have hired, seems exactly suited to our purpose; and yet I don't know, I begin already to be tired of my scheme, though I've no doubt but this fine lady, my son has married,

ried, will send him here to supply her extravagancies, yet it is a very poor satisfaction to be convinced of the follies of those we love. I think my disguise will do, however, and I dare say I sha'n't want amusement. (*A knock at the door*) See who's there. [*Exit David.*]

DAVID *re-enters.*

A sea-faring gentleman, Sir.

Enter JACK HAWSER (half drunk.)

How d'ye do, old shiver the wind? I hears as how you're a money-lender; hand us over some rhino, will ye?

- *Sir Geo. (aside)* I think I shall stand a fair chance of being abused. The rhino, what's that, pray Sir?

Jack. Why, money, old boy, to be sure.

Sir Geo. And what do you want to do with money?

Jack. What you never did, give it away to the unfortunate.

Sir Geo. (aside) I'll humour this fellow.—Have you any security, Sir?

Jack. The best in the world, the word of an English sailor; you see I've a friend that's in a little distress, but that's a word I suppose you can't understand without looking at the dictionary.

Sir Geo. Perhaps you're mistaken, young fellow; but come to me to-morrow when you're sober, and I'll talk to ye.

Jack. Let me see, to-morrow's Tuesday; I'm always drunk of a Tuesday.

Sir

Sir George. Well, then, any day you please ; there's a trifle for you at present, and so good morning to ye.

Jack. Perhaps then I shall heave in on Saturday (*looks at the money*). Damn my grandmother's old red night cap, if you an't a devilish rum, good-natur'd old rascal of a money-lender. [*Exit.*

Sir George. I'm glad I've got rid of this boisterous fellow.

Enter DAVID.

A lady, Sir.

Sir George. A lady, hum ; pray shew her in.

Enter Mrs. GOODWILL.

Sir George. (*aside*) What an elegant manner ! Pray, Madam, be seated.

Mrs. Good. Sir, you are very good, (*sits down*) my business will not detain you long, I have a small note which I want discounted.

Sir George. What a graceful deportment ! Pray, Madam, by whom is it drawn ?

Mrs. Good. By a gentleman in the country, Sir ; it will, Sir, I am sure, be paid punctually ; how much pray is your commission ?—it is but a small sum.

Sir George. Why, truly Madam, I hardly know how to answer ye ; to be plain, I feel a sort of interest in your manner, that puts every thing else out of the question ; you will pardon my inquiries ; pray, Madam, are you married ?

Mrs. Good. Yes, to one of the best of men, but unfortunately against the consent of his relations ; I was persuaded they were agreeable.

Sir George. What could be their objections, Madam ?

Mrs. Good. They are rich, Sir.

Sir George. Have they ever seen you, Madam?

Mrs. Good. Never, Sir.

Sir George. That's hard, indeed!

Mrs. Good. To me, Sir, my husband owes all his misfortunes; his father——

Sir George. Father!—what father could desert a son for making such a choice! I have myself, Madam, a son, would he could have presented me so amiable a woman.

Mrs. Good. Have *you* a son, Sir?

Sir George. Yes, Madam, but we'll say no more on that subject at present; perhaps, Madam, it may be in my power to serve your husband, and from motives of pure generosity only.

Mrs. Good. In a few days, Sir, your assistance will come too late.

SONG.

I.

O listen then, and silent feel
A wretched stranger's hapless lot,
Let pity on thy bosom steal,
And selfish motive be forgot;
Then act a father's tender part,
And raise a wretched drooping heart.

II.

O kindly then thy aid extend,
Avert the near impending blow,
Or soon, alas! my sorrows end,
Soon the tear shall cease to flow;
Then act a father's tender part,
And raise a wretched drooping heart.

Sir

Sir George (aside) What a voice!—Tell me your name, Madam, and accept my friendship.

Mrs. Good. My name, Sir, is Goodwill.

Sir George. Goodwill! is it possible?

Mrs. Good. You seem surpris'd, Sir; you are agitated; what am I to imagine?

Sir George. Imagine you see before you the father of your husband, whose prejudices have kept him a stranger to your worth, but whose affection would now make atonement for all you have suffered.

Mrs. Good. O, Sir, to what am I indebted for this goodness?

Sir George. To Providence, my child, which frequently makes us acknowledge the worth our pride would have kept at a distance.

Mrs. Good. Then you will see Mr. Goodwill? O Sir, my spirits are very unable to support this change of fortune.

Sir George. Compose yourself, Madam, a few minutes in the next room, and I will presently attend you to my son's lodgings, where every thing shall be explain'd, (*conducts her to an inner apartment*) What is the pride of man, but a bar to his own happiness, and an injustice to his fellow-creatures!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A STREET IN PLYMOUTH.

Lieut. GOODWILL *solus.*

Ruin approaches with hasty steps, my father is still inexorable, and it is of no use to keep out
of

of the way any longer. I observed two fellows dodging me just now, through the streets: my only prospect is a prison.

Enter BOBBY NOTICE, with Officer and Runner.

Bobby. There, gentlemen, there's your man; nabb'd him at last; warrant and instructions; term fee, letters, and messengers.

Lieut. Gentlemen, you will permit me to step home a moment.

Officer. No, no, you must come long.

Enter JACK HAWSER, BATCH, Capt. MACGALLAHER, and POLLY.

Jack. Hands off, you lubbers!—You're master at arms I suppose, (*to the officers*) but I'm your commanding officer, ye dog, so shorten sail, if you please.

Batch. Aye, aye, you may let him go, I'll bail him.

Capt. Mac. And I too, though I hadn't a farthing in the world.

Enter Sir GEORGE GOODWILL, and Mrs. GOODWILL.

Sir Geo. Forgive me, George, all that has passed, I am sufficiently punished; and by a mean endeavour to detect your extravagancies, am convinced of the worth I have neglected.

Lieut. Sir, this reconciliation would make me forget any thing.

Capt.

Capt. Mac. There now, didn't I say as much ; that's all along now, wid my oratory and politeness ; I thought he was relenting, when he went away in such a plaguy passion.

Jack. [*with transport.*] Scaldings, clear the gang-way ! here's a bowl full of good news !—I say, Bobby, how d'ye do ?

Batch. Aye, how d'ye do, Bobby ? Why you're non-suited again.

Bobby. Gentleman you may abuse me as much as you please ; but you'll recollect, if you was all to do by one another as you'd be done by, there would be no occasion for us attornies at all.

Jack. Dam'me, how I should like to keelhaul the lawyer.

Lieut. Let us distinguish between the fair practitioner and the pettyfogger ; the first is as much an honour to his profession as the latter is a disgrace.

Bobby. I say, Polly, are you and I to sign this deed of co-partnership for life ?

Polly. Never.

Bobby. Why then I'm non-suited again, that's all ; I must have thirteen and fourpence for my attendance, mustn't I :—I've been here a devilish long while !

Batch. I say, cousin Bobby, you'd better be quiet.

Bobby. I'll bring a writ of error, I'm determined, damn me if I don't ; and set aside all the proceedings.

Jack. I believe, Polly, you're my prize now.

Polly. Well, I've got my father's consent ; that is, if you'll promise never to get tipsy any more.

Jack. Never ; I drank to drown the troubles of life ; and if I drink now, I shall drown all the blessings.

All that I hope is—That the Bannian Day of every mefs-mate in diftrefs, may end as happily as our's may now do, with the approbation of our beft friends.

FINALE.

Jack.

Now let mirth and joy abound,
Since old Care is left aground;
Let us dance, and fmg away,
Whilst the merry fiddles play.

Polly.

Love can alfo do his part,
To relieve the drooping heart;
The laugh, the kifs, the am'rous fmile,
Would old Care himfelf beguile.

Batch.

Bobby Batch too, he will bake
For the bride a wedding cake;
Then at club too, ev'ry night,
Set the politicians right.

Mrs. Goodwill.

Fortune ftill the brave fhall blefs,
And the worthy meet fuccefs;
Benevolence extend the hand,
Whilst peace and plenty blefs the land.

Bob

Bobby.

Since I'm fee'd to say a word,
Let the lawyer man be heard;
Pray give this verdict in my cause,
Public favour and applause.

CHORUS.

Pray give this verdict in our cause,
Public favour and applause.

THE END.

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